

Sumerians

Army of the Pharaohs

"Putting suckas in fear"

"Explosion!"

Yeah, the underworld, the solar myth and the Osiris Code
Every fucking rhyme I write is like a lightning bolt
Father of the first divine family of finer folks
Fresh pair of garment in every kind of designer coat
I ain't saying I'm the greatest but I'm kinda close
Iller than Tato Laviera playing dominoes
My fist blows through iron nose and body blows
My young bull got nice hands and snotty nose
Your team putrid your dream lucid, your body froze
Dying is the only way you'll ever spot a ghost
The rhyme dope like what Verbal Kint is to Keyser Söze
Bitch get on your knees please it's time to choke
Black Hawk aerial, villain, serial killing
Night rage, war brigade, rancid tirades
Thirteenth century brave hearts with braid sticks swords in you
Just to watch your life fade
Perforating your flesh while scoring your rib cage
You're now rocking with the oracle rhetorical mystical sage
Palming, licking my finger while turning a page
I'd rather starve, writing bars at minimum wage
I'm never on writers block I got lyrics for days
In many ways I can show you how syllable's pay
Instead I'd rather kill you and piss on your grave
Then blame it on the evils that infected my brain

Y'all are in the presence of the Godz
It's the '94 Nas, the Fugees without the Pras
The reason you need jobs
The dictators of Oz
Santa Claus or Freddy's claws
The rebels without a pause
But please hold the applause
Known for breaking soft jaws
And taking off broads' bras
I'm brothers with Lost Cauze
I'm basically Bo\$\$ Hog
Impatiently pacing in my basement on my days off
Trying to figure out a way that I can blow your face off
The Sumerian alien barbarian burying all you Aryans in the area
Gut 'em like Cesarean
Paleontologists follow this path of destruction
To the mouth of a volcano after massive eruptions

I don't do subliminals
I send criminals
If I said you won't die, not one bit of the sentence true
(It's murder)
And in the first forty-eight, kid
Best believe I'm killing everyone who spectated
(Even Bébé's kids)
So they never Spell the first letter of my name with a murder capital
Tommy in a trench coat
Mobbing with Vincenzo
Pharaohs been dope since y'all first heard the intro

The worst words we sent those
Our pen game insane
(Or is his brain damaged, deranged lava running through his veins?)
So watch the roaches scattering
Or it's explosives that shattering
From land to water we causing a boating accident

I am the deadly vendetta out for the bread and cheddar
That battle B-Boy beheader
Fans put their fists up like Jetta
When Gretta broke her set of CD, I'm redder
You David Archuleta, I'm that N.I.N.E. Beretta
Too clever
Me and the mic go together like mama Paz and bruschetta
Birds of a feather, Pharaohs flying high
Embarking on a money making endeavour
You pumping Maybach Music in the Jetta
That whip is better for Eddie Vedder
To the haters I be flipping the bird like Robert Griffin III
Duck and an eagles bitch you ain't trying to see no wits
You ain't trying to see the clique
Needle dick, lift tickets on a Penn field cause I'm staying on an ego trip

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